

WASHINGTON GOSSIP

Carrie Nation Gives Advice on Wooing



WASHINGTON—The first thing a fellow ought to do when he goes courting is to get a line on his future mother-in-law, because she's going to either be his best friend or his worst enemy.

It was Carrie Nation who confided a bit of philosophy to a reporter.

The enforced leisure of the Washington workhouse, where she was being held pending a hearing on a charge of destroying property, had given Mrs. Nation the chance to turn her attention from her pet theme, and was an off day for the demon rum far as she was concerned.

"I am going to devote a large part of my time hereafter to seeing that these in-laws get the attention they ought to have from the American people," she said, warning to her theme, "Why a man ought to love his mother-in-law as much as he does his wife, and if he does not it's a sign that he's not a man. I've seen plenty of them out with these folks. If a man does not like the mother of the girl he's going with he

better light out and book his spare time somewhere else, because it's a sure thing that the girl will turn out to be just like the old lady.

"This law of heredity that I've been studying lately is a wonderful thing. It's the keynote of the whole matrimonial problem. Now, if a fellow begins to think his girl's mother is pretty nice dispositioned, he don't need to look any farther than that house for a wife. And after he gets married it's most likely that his mother-in-law will be willing to do more for him than his wife will in the way of cooking and economizing and minding his children."

Mrs. Nation owns to 63 years, but says she will fight to the death against the demon rum. She has now achieved the crowning triumph of her nine years' crusade—the smashing of furnishings in the big Union station.

Mrs. Nation's defense was that she did not destroy private property but a public nuisance.

Carrie thinks the country has improved in the last three years.

"Taft ain't my style," she admitted, "but he's a whole lot better than Teddy Roosevelt. He's a well-meaning man and he don't drink, and though I may have said at times that he was chasing around the country eating a whole lot more than is good for him, I think he is better than anything in the presidential line we've been getting lately."

Put Spies on the Trail of Uncle Sam



THE Pressed Steel Car Company of Pittsburgh, which was recently in the throes of a long strike, is establishing a branch in Washington, not for the purpose of acquiring new business in that district, but to keep in direct touch with governmental affairs.

This is following out the policy of President F. N. Hofstad, who claims that within a few years every corporation of any size in the United States will maintain a similar office in the national capital to keep close watch on what the government is doing and make an annual report to its head office wherever they happen to be. The corporations hope through the newspapers to disseminate the action and policies of the Union's executive officers and offices. They will maintain their own clerical slouths.

"Business is taking the place of politics in our government," said Mr. Hofstad. "The government of this country is becoming more commercialized every day. The commercial interests are

becoming more important than politics. Commerce and business are the mainstay of the nation, and expect only the right that the government should give greater rights to them.

"Politics in the future should take a back seat. This will increase as the years pass. My own view is that every big industrial firm should keep in close touch with the doings of the government, and particularly with those departments devoted to the commercial and industrial interests."

Mr. Hofstad was asked about politics.

"What I get in politics—" he exclaimed. "Why, if a man wants to have his name sullied and his reputation dragged down in this country all he has to do is to get into politics; run for office and the rest is easy."

It is anticipated that the other big corporations of America will follow the ideas outlined by the head of the Pressed Steel Car Company. There are agencies already in existence representing the two biggest corporations in the world in Washington known to-day, the Standard Oil Company and the United States Steel Corporation. But as for business offices with regular corps of workmen and public communication with the affairs of the government they do not now exist.

Attorneys Fight in Washington Court



UNITED STATES District Attorney Daniel W. Baker and Andrew A. Lipscomb, the leading criminal lawyer of Washington, passed the night engaged in a rough-and-tumble fight under the eyes of Justice Ashley Gould several days ago.

Mr. Baker was the prosecutor and Mr. Lipscomb the attorney of the defense in the trial of John W. Collier, policeman, charged with killing his captain on inauguration day. In the course of the trial Lipscomb insisted that the district attorney had attempted to intimidate the witness.

Mr. Mott, Collier's pastor, by writing a letter to the bishop of Washington speaking to Dr. Mott appearing as a character witness for Collier.

Mr. Baker was on his feet in an instant with an objection, but Lipscomb was not to be headed off.

"I want to show you that the district attorney's office has attempted to intimidate this witness!" shouted Lipscomb.

"Mr. Lipscomb knows that he is not telling the truth!" shouted the district attorney.

"You're a liar!" shouted Mr. Lipscomb.

Then the district attorney made for him. Mr. Baker weighs 250 pounds. He is not so agile as in his college days, but he was full of fight. He launched a wallop at Lipscomb, which had it landed, would have knocked him across the court room. His aim was bad, and the blow landed on the assistant district attorney.

Then Lipscomb and Baker clinched, and rights and lefts, uppercuts and jabs stirred up the court room dust, and likewise the ire of the judge, who ordered the bailiffs to separate them. Before the court officers could interfere, the defendant, Collier, jumped into the melee and stopped the proceedings. Justice Gould called the fighting attorneys before the bar, gave the district attorney a severe reprimand and fined Lipscomb \$50 for contempt.

Anecdotes of the Nation's Lawmakers



URING the heat of the tariff session Representative Sereno E. Payne of New York, who boasts as a girl as any member of congress, had occasion to go to the White House with frequency. The amount of time he gave up on these occasions to the newspaper men would have saved a space writer to death in two days. In addition, Mr. Payne, who was always polite on such occasions, finally became a little bit gruff, because of the rapid-fire bombardment of questions which were daily thrown at him. Finally, a reporter on a Washington newspaper, who was about a large around the waist line as Mr. Payne, recorded the call of the Republican leader at the White House saying that Mr. Payne had, that

day, "waddled" in to see the president and out again. The next day, when hailed by the same reporter for news, Mr. Payne got even by retorting:

"Tell your paper that its reporter waddled after Mr. Payne, who replied that he had no news."

Recently Mr. Payne called at the White House and the reporter greeted him with:

"Well, Mr. Payne, I see you are still waddling to the White House."

"You must go around with a looking-glass in front of you all the time," came the reply from Mr. Payne, without the bat of an eye.

Senator Julius Caesar Burrows of Michigan, after an exceedingly busy day in which he called upon the president and several members of the cabinet, thereby arousing the suspicion of the Michigan newspaper men to a fever heat, was met by one of them, who inquired:

"Senator, have you any news concealed about your person to-day?"

"Yes," replied the senator. "Thoroughly concealed."

AT FIRST SIGHT.



He—Rommel, I can't tell you how I worship your almond eyes, your velvet cheeks, like peaches, and your cherry lips!

Rommel—I suppose you are the new gardener.

Hubby Was Too Willing.

In the midst of her tears over a late disagreement she announced that she would take a trip of three weeks in the country for a rest from his abuse.

Hooray! Hooray!

He hurried to the station, bought tickets, hurried back home, pulled off his coat, plunged into the cellar, lugged out her trunks and commenced to pack.

Lying on a couch, she watched him through her tears with great curiosity. From time to time, in reply to many questions, she advised him what articles would be useful in the country, and they were eagerly included.

Perspiring and exhausted after some hours of preparatory detail for her departure, he sank into a chair and said:

"Everything is ready now. You have abundant time to catch your train."

"I have decided," she said, softly, "not to go."

Ready with Explanation.

A rector of Eltham once gave out the words: "Who art thou?" and, as he paused for a moment, an officer in uniform, who had just entered the church, suddenly halted, and taking the question as personal, promptly replied: "Sir, I am the recruiting officer of the Sixteenth Foot, and, having my wife and daughter with me, should be glad to make the acquaintance of the clergy and gentry of the neighborhood."

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.

As mercury will surely destroy the action of small and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such serious should never be used except on prescription from a reliable physician, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Eads' Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. It cures Catarrh of the bladder and is sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists. Price, 75c. per bottle. This is a Family Size for consumption.

Eve's New Costume.

"Oh, dear!" said Eve, after she had secured all the best fig leaves there were to be had. "I'm so unhappy."

"Come, dear, cheer up," replied Adam. Things might be worse than they are. We still have each other."

"Yes, but now that I've got to wearing clothes there's no other woman with whom I can talk about them."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Doctor's Fault.

Judge—I am led to understand you stole the watch of the doctor who had just written a prescription for you at the free dispensary. What have you to say to this charge?

"Well, your honor, I found myself in a desperate quandary. His prescription said 'a spoonful every hour,' and I had no timepiece."

Always at It.

Mrs. Benham—Woman's work is never done.

Benham—That's so; even after she is married she is trying to make men fall in love with her.

For Colds and Grip—Capudine.

The best remedy for Grip and Colds is Hicks' Capudine. Relieves the aching and feverishness. Cures the cold—Headaches also. It's Liquid—Effects immediately—10, 25 and 50c at Drug Stores.

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Hamline Wizard Oil will knock the gods off a sore throat. It's use makes tonsillitis, quinsy and diphtheria impossible. It is simply great for the relief of all pain, soreness and inflammation.

A woman may be as old as she looks, but it makes a difference whether it's before or after she is dressed to go out.

Salesmen—Best Commission Offer on Earth. New—all retailers—samples, coat pocket. "Boston," Dept. C 1, Iowa City, Iowa.

A woman dislikes being jealous almost as much as she likes making some other woman jealous.

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When some people talk it is a waste of time to yawn.

WAS A CASE OF EMERGENCY

Here, if Ever, Was a Time When Telegraphic Limitations Were to Be Deplored.

Wilbur Wright was discussing in Dayton a very imaginative magazine story about aeroplanes.

"The story," he said, "was full of errors. Aeroplanes can't do what this chap claims. He doesn't understand them."

"In fact, he's like old George Kettle of Trotwood. George rushed into the Trotwood telegraph office the other day with a small package wrapped in a newspaper under his arm.

"Telegraph this to my wife down to Dayton, Harvey," he said to the telegraph clerk, thrusting the package through the little window.

"No, no, George; we can't do anything like that," laughed the clerk.

"Drat ye," said George, angrily, "ye got to do it. It's my wife's teeth."

Rough on Rats in Out Buildings.

In setting Rough on Rats in out buildings after mixing it well with any food decided upon, separate into small bits, place on several pieces of boards, and put these here and there under the floors. Close up all openings large enough for Dogs, Cats or Chickens to enter, but leave some small openings for Rats to get in and out. One 25c. box of Rough on Rats, being all poison, will make enough mixture to clear out in one or two nights settings, hundreds of Rats and Mice. 15c. 25c. 50c. at Druggists. E. S. Wells, Jersey City, N. J.

Ship's Figureheads.

Carvings for more than five hundred vessels were made by William Southworth, who recently died at Bath. He made a specialty of the carving of figureheads for many years, and some splendid ones were the product of his skill. The rise of commercialism has blotted out the poetic significance of the figurehead and few figureheads are seen nowadays.—Kennebec Journal.

Doing Her Best.

"Kipling says that a woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke."

"Well, woman is traveling in the right direction. Haven't you noticed her present panatella shape?"

Then They Came to Blows.

"What started the fight between Lobster and Shrimp?"

"Why, Shrimp called Lobster a 'measley little shrimp,' and he called Shrimp a 'lobster.'"

Would Depend.

She—You've seen Charley's wife. Would you call her pretty?

He—I might if I were talking to Charley.

Compliments should be thoroughly Fletcherized before they are swallowed.

What Miscegenation Is Doing to Southern White Folks

The crossing of black and white blood is becoming a distinct menace to the white race of the South—the purest Anglo-Saxon in this country. The people of Louisiana have been the first to see the danger and to fight it. Attempts to make stringent laws preventing this depraved miscegenation have partially failed because of obstacles raised in unexpected quarters. Highly respected men—even men who make the laws—have tried to block the needed legislation (perhaps their domestic affairs were being upset). But Louisiana will not be stopped and other states must join in the fight. The whole story is told by Robert Wickliffe Woolley, a Southern man himself, in PEARSON'S MAGAZINE for January. The story explains the conditions which aroused Louisiana. It relates the details of that state's brave fight and how it was partly balked. It shows the urgent need of new laws, if the white race is not to be mongrelized not only in Louisiana but elsewhere, for the peril spreads all over the "solid South." It is the most important story to real Southerners that has been printed.

What it will mean to the average man's pocketbook if the law dissolving the Standard Oil Company is applied to other trusts is explained in the same issue. Also the story of our wasteful census plan which costs millions in this country while Europe does the thing better for nothing. Another article explains the methods of installment furniture sellers. Judge Clayner, the new Mayor of New York, tells why he was libeled and what he will do to the libelers. Three noted alienists explain the improper treatment of our insane in State Asylums, and there are seven corking good short fiction stories.

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